The Doting Old DAD,

OR,

The Unequal Match betwixt a Rich Muckworm *of Fourſcore and Ten, and a Young Laſs ſcarce Nineteen.*

When Dads thus Old, whoſe Blood is cold,
young Damſels ſeeks to Wed;
For their neglect, they may expect
Horns grafted on their Head.

To the Tune of, All Trades.

This may be Printed, R. P.

THere was a young Damſel of late,
was Woo'd by a Dad very Old,
He had a right worthy Eſtate,
beſides ſtore of Silver and Gold:
His Service he proffer'd her then,
yet he was as pale as a Ghoſt,
He being full Fourſcore and Ten,
and ſhe was but Nineteen at moſt:
But ever when he drew nigh,
the Damſel would ſtraight reply;
I'le never have you, for what can you do?
O fie upon Fumblers, fie.

Although I am winckled and Lean,
yet I will be loving to thee,
And deck thee as fine as a Queen,
if thou wilt be Marry'd to me:
Both Silver and Gold I have ſtore,
and yet though thy Portion is ſmall,
If I had a thouſand times more,
yet you ſhou'd be Miſtris of all:
But ever when he drew nigh,
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I tell thee my amorous Girl,
if that thou wilt be but my Bride,
I'le give thee Rich Jewels and Pearl,
and twenty new Nick-knacks beside:
A Tower and Top-knot so fine,
a Mask and a delicate Fan;
O tell me now wilt thou be mine,
endeavour to love an Old Man:
But ever when he, &c.

He proffer'd her still to advance her,
but thus with Discretion, said she,
You're Old enough to be my Grandsir,
and therefore no Husband for me:
For when I behold your bald Pate,
and straggling Hairs white and gray,
O then at a sorrowful rate,
I weeping and sighing, shall say:
O what a hard Fortune have I,
though Marry'd, a Maiden must dye;
The more is my grief, I see no relief,
O fie upon Fumblers, fie.

Now hearing the Damsels intent,
and finding he could not prevail,
Away to her Mother he went,
and told her a pittiful Tale:
Your Daughter she is in a rage,
and all my kind proffers won't heed,
Besides, she despises my Age,
which ought to be Honour'd indeed:
For when to her I draw nigh,
she makes this strange Reply;
I'le never have you, for what can you do?
O fie upon Fumblers, fie.

She straight for her Daughter did send,
before the Old Man went away,
In duty she straight did attend,
to hear what her Mother would say:
My Daughter, you well understand,
that he has good Treasure enuff,
In Money, nay, Cattel and Land,
with abundance of good Houshold-stuff:
Then Daughter tell me but why,
you will not freely comply?
Said she, he is Old, his Blood it is cold,
O fie upon Fumblers, fie.

Her Mother did hear her therefore,
she straightway did call her aside,
You know he has Riches great store,
and therefore you must be his Bride:
And as for the pleasure of Youth,
if he can't get Daughter or Son,
Believe me, I'de have you, in truth,
do e'ne as your Mother has done:
For when my Old Dad would deny,
to yield me a daily supply,
I still had a Friend my Will to attend,
for fie upon Fumblers, fie.

Thus you may your sorrows relieve,
although an Old Fumblers Wife,
It is easie to make him believe
you love him as dear as your life:
You need not his Jealousie dread,
if that you will make but each night
A Cordial, and put him to Bed,
then kiss with a Gallant all night:
For Daughter, I cannot deny,
but Wives may want a supply,
Which if it be so, abroad we must go,
for fie upon Fumblers, fie.

The Damsel she gave her Consent,
and they the next morning was Wed
The day was in Merriment spent,
at length they did hurry to Bed:
And then said the Freeze Old Man,
thy Fancy I'de willingly feed,
But can do no more than I can,
accept of the Will for the Deed.
In Bed he Grunting doth lie,
which makes her often Reply,
I still am a Maid, and shall be, she said,
O fie upon Fumblers, fie.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Sign of the Golden-Ball, near the *Hospital-Gate*, in *West-Smithfield*.